

## RUNAWAY GIRLS.

### A Kansas Father Finds his Daughter in a Sedalia Boarding House.

#### In Company with a Young Lady Companion—Why They Ran Away from Home.

David Stinson was among the arrivals in Sedalia on the north bound M. & K. T. train Saturday night, but he didn't seek notoriety by spreading his name upon the page of any hotel register. Mr. Stinson is a merchant and resides at Oswego, Kan., and is well known to the people of that city. He is the father of a young lady not yet seventeen years old, named Adah, who is represented as being both beautiful and accomplished, having graduated only a few days ago. Residing in Oswego also was Ella Thirkield, about a year older than Adah. The girls were fast friends, and when it was possible they were always together. The Bazoos are not positive, but is inclined to the opinion that Miss Thirkield was a little fast—not in the general acceptance of the term, but fond of flirting and adventure. The young women had become tired of the quiet monotony of a humdrum life in the Kansas village, so determined to branch out on their own hook, and, though both were possessed of good homes, they commuted arrangements and last Tuesday night left clandestinely for Fort Scott.

They were successful in escaping the vigilant townspeople, and for a day or two nothing was heard of them. Miss Thirkield resided with an uncle, her parents being dead, but he was of the opinion that if she desired to seek a home among strangers she had a perfect right to do so. Not so with Mr. Stinson, however. He commenced a vigorous search for his daughter, and Friday last learned that the two girls had been seen in Fort Scott. He took the first train for that point, and after some little search he ascertained that two young ladies answering the description of his daughter and her companion had purchased tickets for Sedalia.

Saturday afternoon he left Fort Scott and came to Sedalia as stated. He did not proclaim his mission to the world at large, but set quietly to work, yesterday morning, and before noon his search was rewarded by discovering Miss Thirkield at a private boarding house. He entered and asked to see her, but the young lady had hidden herself as soon as she saw she was recognized and refused to come forth. Mr. Stinson also ascertained that his daughter was in the same house, and he demanded that he be shown to her room. This was done, and when they came face to face the meeting is said to have been most touching. She rushed into his arms, and with tears streaming down her handsome cheeks asked to be forgiven and taken back home. The father, only too glad to comply with the request, then had an interview with Miss Thirkield, and she, too, expressed regret for the step she had taken and desired to return also.

It seems that at Fort Scott they both tried to secure employment as dining room girls, but Miss Thirkield was successful. She, however, did not care to accept unless her friend remained with her, so they came to Sedalia. They had still a few dollars in their possession, and had determined to not apply for work until this morning, but the arrival of Mr. Stinson spoiled all their plans for the future.

The young women were far above the average smart girls in point of intelligence, and they did not realize the danger they would be compelled to encounter in a strange city, nor the drugery connected with the life they had deliberately chosen. They both returned with Mr. Stinson on the south bound M. & K. T. train last evening, and are no doubt to-day rejoiced to know that their plans proved a failure. The Bazoos will wage a nickel that they never go off on another trip of the same kind.

"By-its is king" all the world over. As its rule should be as quiet as possible, but to provide it with Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup for all the ailments incident to its condition. It is a safe remedy.

#### The Pastor in Danger.

One issue of the Brooklyn Eagle tells how an enraged father thrashed his would-be son in law with a rawhide, how an angry wife fogged her husband with the same weapon "in the presence of delighted spectators," and how another woman castigated a drug clerk.

That Brooklyn is the same city where Henry W. Beecher deals out gospel rations, there had better take out an accident insurance policy at once, on its frame. Rawhidism is contagious, more so than any other malady—nearly hiding. It's a mania, like small pox and office seeking. Then knowest not how soon thy cuticle may be warped by being brought in contact with the twisted bark of a cow, commonly called a rawhide, with a woman who has been unable to digest thy sermons, prayers and things, at the other end of it—the rawhide. Henry, be economical of thy cuticle, for they only have one of those things; if thou shouldst lose thy wife she can replace her, if thy children sully thee, thou knowest where she can get more, but if thy cuticle, thy epidermis, the outer of thy frame is whipped off, it's good bye, Henry, for thou wilt then be of no more use to the ladies.

The expenditure of brain power too early or too severely in children often results in physical debility; the use of Felt's Hypophosphates exerts a singularly happy effect in such cases.

#### Ugh, Big Inj.

On the northern-bound M. & K. T. train, this morning, were four Indian chiefs that attracted no little attention. They were well-dressed, and on their way to Carlisle, Pa., where children of their tribe are in attendance at school. They came from the reservation near Fort Hill, in the territory. After a few days' visit at Carlisle they will visit Washington, and then return to their west home. Their names were, White Man, of the Apache; Stumbling Bear, of the Kiowa; Wild Horse, of the Comanche; and Takiship, of the Wichita. They were in charge of Interpreter Clark and Indian Agent Hunt.

Would you care to have a word of advice worth a great deal? Never tamper with your baby's health by using quinine and other dangerous articles to quiet its stomach troubles, etc., but use Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup instead. Price 25 cents.

## CENSUS RACKET.

### A Lady Refuses to Tell Her Age and then Puts the Census Man Out of the House.

One of our census enumerators, on his daily rounds recently, visited an elegantly furnished dwelling house and among other questions asked the lady of the house, as the law requires, "What is your age?" She gave him one of those withering looks which are usually closely followed by a corner's inquest and snarled out, "How dare you ask me such questions? I'd have you to know that it's none of your business what my age is, sir."

Enumerators, (sighing.)—My dear lady, it is my duty, under the law, to ascertain your age. I have to know.

Apologies Lady.—Don't you "dear" me; you stop calling me "lady" so often. You can't flatter me as if she were a spinster and was about to throttle the slim-necked questioner? I want to inform you, in answer to that, that even my husband does not know my age, and we have been married nearly nine to twenty-five years, and I love him as I love the truth; and do you presume that I will not tell him yet will tell you my age? Never! never!

Enumerators.—Looking unconcerned but really getting fractious and striking savagely at a ribby fly that was vainly trying to get a square meal from between the stubby hairs that had been driven into his shaved head. Well, I'll mark you down as forty-five years of age.

Irrepressible.—(Now getting red hot. A fly lights on the cheek, roasting it's foot, to the lady's nose, scowled and curled down like burnt leather, and holding that foot near its mouth he blows it out and flies howling off in search of a refrigerator and some ointment.) Young man, your insolence is intolerable (reaching down and bucking tighter the belt that held on her liver pad) I am not forty years old, you know, you're reaching up and carefully hiding the natural gray hairs under the black ones of her wig; cruel, heartless rake. I am not old. Oh, had your mother learned you as much sense as she did impudence, you would be a perfect gentleman. Am I (reaching up and replacing her false teeth that were getting agitated and about to fall out) not beginning to grow old yet? To suspect I am forty-five is horrible (picking up the old family Bible and showing it under the bed) you may say I am not handsome or amiable, but that I am not young, you never shall, not while reason sits enthroned herein. (striking herself vigorously on her head with her hand to emphasize the last remark she shook her wig from its moorings and it fell on the floor. Rushing towards the census man, her bald head gleaming in the sunbeams.) Oh, you grinning, shaved-headed imp (picking up the table a pair of spectacles of a degree of convexity only worn by aged persons, with her name inscribed on the case) you cheek, you walking gall (throwing her personification of sin poked out red hot from the stomach of hell, got out of my house. And she croaked him out and slammed the door, and as she stumbled down the walk to the gate carefully marking "age forty-five years" in his big book which will be sent to Washington City and always be a record of the age of that female, which everybody will be always reading and commenting on, she yelled at him, "Don't you ever put your face in my house again, you impudent scoundrel. Do you hear me? Never! never!" and he went.

#### FRATILTY'S GENEROSITY.

A Woman of the Town Refuses to Prosecute for a Theft of \$85.

Although an outcast, and shunned by respectable people as though a touch of her garments would contaminate, yet notwithstanding this, Nellie DeForest, an inmate of Annie Chambers' house of prostitution, in Kansas City, has proven to the world that she still some of the noble instincts characteristic of her sex.

Sunday evening two young men named Stephens and Kechler, residing across the Kaw river, visited Kansas City and became intoxicated. While in that condition they concluded to enter their disputation into some nice little place where they might have the pleasure of female inspiration. They proceeded to a fashionable resort on Wyandotte street, and were at once delighted with the presence of two of the most entertaining girls of the house. After remaining for while, Kechler, and his fair companion, Nellie DeForest, had a dispute and some few minutes later he left the house. Upon looking into one of her bureau drawers, after his departure, Nellie missed an elegant gold watch chain. She at once suspected Kechler, and notified an officer of her loss and of her suspicions as to where the chain might be found.

Yesterday morning both Kechler and Stephens were found at the Union depot and they were taken in charge. In Kechler's pocket was found the missing chain, and they were both removed to the station house and locked up. Nellie was notified of the arrest and discovery of the stolen property and promptly visited the station house, where she recognized the chain instantly. She and Kechler then had a long consultation in Chief Speers' private office. The young fellow was badly frightened and refused to acknowledge the crime, but finally he burst into a flood of tears and said that he had stolen the chain. He said he was very drunk at the time and did not know what he was doing. He wept copiously while Nellie, who generously concluded not to prosecute him, ran him such a lecture that he will never forget. The action of the frail but pretty woman was altogether generous, and saved from the penitentiary a young man who, no doubt, has borne a good character, but in a moment of drunkenness did a very considerable crime, the chain being valued at \$85.

#### A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

#### Warning.

Two good dining room girls at Sieber's. Must come recommended.

## BUSY BUILDERS.

### Laying Railroad Track During the Night.

Both M. & K. T. and S. W. & A. Roads Want More Night Work.

The contest between the M. & K. T. and S. W. & A. (narrow gauge) railroads, as to the right of way from the terminus of the narrow gauge on Broadway north to the Pacific road, still grows. Yesterday the 150 M. & K. T. track-builders laid track from the tank near Fifth street across Fifth and north two hundred yards on Thompson avenue. This route the S. W. & A. had surveyed and claim was dedicated to them by ordinance by the city. Not having time to get out an injunction, the last named road asked the mayor to prevent by police power the obstruction of streets by M. & K. T. builders. Police were ordered to guard the alley back of Hurley's, but as they did not desire to build there, no collision with the cops occurred, and the city stepped out of the fight. At 10 o'clock last night S. W. & A. track-builders began laying track. At one o'clock this morning their track reached from near the foundry to the M. & K. T. land on Fifth street, where they were met by officials and employees of that road, who refused to allow them to work on the company's land. To-day both sets of track-builders are busy filling in about the two tracks.

THE M. & K. T. SIDE.

A Bazoos reporter asked Mr. Montgomery, attorney of the M. & K. T. road, about the track-building match, who said: "Thompson avenue was condemned or vacated as a street and not city property. We bought and hold a deed to a tract of land running from our track to the middle of what is known as Thompson avenue. The right of way over that we never granted the S. W. & A. railway. They track there, the alley does not belong to the city; we own a tract fifty feet wide west of our track along there, and for years adjoining us on the west about against us. All the city could grant the S. W. & A. is the right to cross its streets running east and west. Our course in the premises was prompted simply by a desire to have more side tracks, as we were crowded, and presumed the right to lay our track on our own property was unquestioned."

THE S. W. & A. VIEW.

Mr. Smith, of Shirk & Smith, attorneys for the S. W. & A. railway, in response to an inquiry by a Bazoos reporter, said: "We had the right of way granted us by the city from our Broadway terminus north to the Missouri Pacific track. The M. & K. T. builders rushed their track down over our surveyed right of way and before we could stop them legally their track was finished. We have built our track upon each side of their land. This will cause us, probably, considerable delay and expense."

A TRUCE.

At 11 a.m. to-day a truce was entered into by the two roads, the conditions of which are that the M. & K. T. shall be allowed to connect their new track at the north end with their main line so that they can use their things on to remain in date and which, being boiled down into the American language, means "just as they are." Neither party is to disturb the other in the use of the tracks as laid until the difficulty shall be decided by amicable agreement or by litigation.

Too Nice for Him.

One of the census enumerators who resides not many miles from Topeka, who is a prominent citizen and has held a number of official positions in the state, and who is a leading politician and an active Grant man, sent in his resignation yesterday to Prof. D. J. Evans, supervisor, in words and in figures as follows:

DEAR SIR:—(Owing to the defeat of U. S. Grant for president I hereby respectfully tender my resignation as enumerator of—district, Kansas, to take effect immediately. A country that is to nice to have brave, loyal old Grant for its president is too—d—n nice for me to serve.

That man will do to tie.

#### The Missouri Delegates.

The Cincinnati Convention, in speaking of the Cincinnati convention says: "The Missouri delegation of about fifty persons have been assigned to Reid's hotel, and they will be here on the 19th. They will have the rooms on the office floor together with the parlor, where the headquarters will be located. The arrangements were made by Col. Ford, formerly of the Southern hotel, St. Louis, who was accompanied by Len Harris and Thomas Sherlock, of the local executive committee."

#### Immense Wheat Crop.

Never has there been a larger yield of wheat in Pettis and adjoining counties than the crop of this season. Farmers residing in all directions from the city report an abundant yield and of a remarkably good quality.

Conductor Merrill says he never saw anything like it along the branch. It is almost impossible to procure the hands necessary to garner the golden grain. Marshall Hill, of Holden, in conversation with a Bazoos representative this morning, reported the same, and given as evidence the number of machines sold by the dealer in his town during the present season.

John A. Shaw has sold more than forty McCormick's self binders; E. P. Johnson, thirty harvesters and binders; Bettes & Co., about the same number of Revere machines, and Stearns & Little over fifty Wood machines. This, indeed, looks as though the farmers of Johnson had been successful this year.

"An Old Physician's Advice." Coughs, Colds, Asthma and other pulmonary affections should be looked to and promptly treated to time, and thus all serious results may be avoided, and for this purpose we know of no better remedy than "Dr. SWATNEY'S CONSUMPTIVE CURE OF WILD CHERRY." The first dose gives relief, and it is sure to cure the worst Cough or Croup in a very short time. Try a 25 cent bottle and be convinced, and you will then avoid a Doctor's bill, and most likely a serious spell of sickness. Price 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles \$5.00. The large size is the most economical. Prepared only by Dr. Swatney & Son, 320 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sold by all prominent druggists.

Disolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Press & Becker, custom millers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Albert Presser will continue the business and receive his full share of the trade.

## TRUTH.

### How the "Bazoos" Dishes it Up for its Readers.

The Oswego Palladium will not employ a journalist on its staff who has ever lied about the number of fish he has caught. But that's nothing. The Bazoos won't employ any journalist who ever has, does at present, or in the future intend to lie on any subject. A raw Bazoos reporter once inadvertently perpetrated a gigantic lie, in self defense and without malice aforethought, on a double back action tongue-bow piddler, as a mere matter of business to get him out of the office during business hours, and he was forthwith bounced by the "Big Injins" of the establishment, and removed killed the poor fellow. His skull is now on exhibition in the Bazoos news room. The inside of the skull shows with painful accuracy by the indentations and furrows made thereon by the struggling brain waves that he died a horrible death, and he no doubt wishes (all of him except the skull which, as previously mentioned, is in the Bazoos office) inside the shirt front of Ananias, the boss liar. The Bazoos will continue to tell the truth; though it loses money by it, yet it is making deposits there in the deep shell cupboard of the future, where delinquent subscribers fail to connect and where every individual with a grievance and a club do not break in, in search of the "yellow who wrote that article."

Reader, imagine the fair arms of future Bliss with little scolded paleontologist's face dangling down over her shoulders, and softly tickling the butt ends of those arms as they are daintily curled around the manly bosom of the Bazoos, and her long hair loosely falling round and veiling his square shoulders, and smile dimpling and rendering radiant her face as she coyly lays it up against his cheek, and reclines languidly in his arms as he sits cross-legged and grinning on the feathery edge of a light cloud, and picks tunes—good conceivable tunes—worthy of a bouquet as big as a circus tent, and as full of assorted perfumes as a country breeze in spring, out of a bow harp, (1500 strings on the harp, and 217 extra ones in his pocket to cover all impagencies), and eating fine cut, and spitting tobacco juice down on those creatures, who, while they are embodied human beings on earth, made their living by lying, or rather by not having made the acquaintance of truth, but who at that time disembodied will reside in that torrid climate where they have no ice in their tea, and no refrigerators in their houses, and where a snow ball would start about the same time as an honest man would in our national politics. Reader, you can wager your saccharine terrestrial existence that truth always pays heavy and frequent dividends, and never bankrupts nor makes an assignment, never closes its doors on stock holders, creditors, depositors or patrons. That's why the Bazoos uses so much of it.

—Disappointment never attends the use of Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

#### THE RAGGED CHILD.

Greenback Labor State Convention, at Sedalia, on the 14th of July, 1890.

It having been resolved by the state executive committee that my call for a state convention to be held at Sedalia, on the 30th June inst. should be held on the 14th of July next, I therefore call for a convention of the national greenback labor party, in the state of Missouri, to meet in Sedalia, Mo., on the 14th of July next, at 10 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the state office, and transact such other business as may come before it.

The basis of representation to this convention is five delegates and five alternates from each legislative representative district in the state. Each greenback club and labor organization is requested to unite with all others in their several districts, and form one delegation in accordance with the resolutions of the national greenback labor convention recently held at Chicago, Ill. Wherever any delegates have already been chosen to attend the state convention on the 30th day of June, the same delegates may attend this convention on the 14th of July.

All greenback and other papers in the state are respectfully requested to publish this call.

BRITTON A. HILL, Chairman of the State Executive Committee of Missouri. St. Louis, Mo., June 15th, 1890.

"Few of the Ills of Life"

are more prevalent and distressing than bilious disorders. The symptoms are low spirits, want of energy, restlessness, headache, no appetite, yellow skin, constiveness and other ailments which show the liver is in a diseased state and needs regulating, and the proper way to do it is to use "DR. SWATNEY'S TAR AND NARSAPARILLA PILLS." Their effect on the liver and blood is wonderful, removing pimples and all eruptions leaving the complexion fair and fresh as in youth. Price 25 cents a box of thirty pills, or five boxes for \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price, by Dr. Swatney & Son, 320 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sold by all leading druggists.

Beating a Pacific Brakeman.

Yesterday morning John O'Neill, a brakeman on the Missouri Pacific railroad, when a short distance from Atchison, had occasion to eject a brute from one of the coaches for grossly insulting one of the lady passengers. During the trouble he was quite savagely attacked by the man he was putting off the coach, who, it is supposed, was a pair of brass knuckles, as O'Neill received several cuts on the head and face, getting his jaw bone partially fractured. After committing the assault the man jumped from the train, which had slackened up, and disappeared in the woods adjoining. The wounded man was brought to West Kansas and his injuries attended to by Dr. Jenkins, and he was then removed to his residence on Liberty street.—Kansas City Times.

For Safe Keeping.

Sheriff Calverd and Deputy Elliott arrived in the city this morning with two prisoners whom they turned over to Sheriff Murray for safe keeping in the county jail.

Jacob Barker is the name of one, and he is charged with being implicated in the late O'Connell lynching. His two pals were released on a six-thousand-dollar bond, but in the case of Barker bail was refused.

The name of the other is Lafayette Hughes, who was tried in Henry county a few months ago, charged with grand larceny, and received a sentence of three years in the penitentiary. He served six months, but his attorney, M. A. Fike, filed exceptions to the proceedings and carried the case to the supreme court. A few days ago the exceptions were sustained and the case reversed and remanded back to the Henry county circuit court.

Hughes thinks he will be cleared at the next trial—but then you can't most always tell.

## CEREALS AS EPIGRAMS.

### A Queer Old Cemetery in South Sedalia.

A tourist in Virginia says he has been informed that wherever an old Virginian is buried a dead of mint springs up. Fact. Fact. Living in South Sedalia is a seventy-year-old man who is a queer character. Whenever a man who has drank considerable dies, this old curiosity seeker goes and begs him, that is, begs the corpse from the relatives, or buys it or steals it. He then buries him in a ten acre lot, which he has now about half full of graves, arranges the soil carefully over the remains and keeps it sprinkled with water and in good ground order. He can tell by the plants which sprout from the grave, generated as they are from the remains, who he has buried there. He takes a jolly German who has drank him beer daily through a long and quiet life, plants him and from his grave will sprout hope, the same as used in brewing beer. He buries there a true son of the Emerald Isle and from his grave there soon sprouts a crop of corn, the same as that from which corn juice is distilled. He buries a Frenchman there and grape vines soon sprout from and climb over his grave. He enters a Scotchman there, especially a Bourbon county man, and soon a large crop of rye will wave above the turf that wraps his mouldering clay. He buries an American in that patch, a typical son of the United States, who has been in a dozen different businesses, traveled extensively and taken his rations on the extreme of both wealth and poverty during life, and the crop soon comes up consisting of hops, mint, rye, corn and grape vines, from that first raring place of that thirty citizen who drinks anything with anybody and always takes the same as the other fellow does if he will let 'em win.

That old man's graveyard contains the remains of citizens from every nation on the face (or b-som or in fact from all parts of the epidemic) of the earth.

He uses no tombstones, doesn't need any. Those vegetable, cereal or vinous epitaphs are cheaper and far more truthful than any could possibly be that would be chiseled out of granite or marble. Our citizens should pay this queer old village of the dead a visit. It's a quaint and secluded spot, well worth anyone's time and trouble to hunt it up.

#### A CLOSE CALL.

A Foundryman Severely Burned by Molten Iron.

Mr. T. Wilcox, who resides on the corner of Eleventh and Massachusetts streets, met with a serious accident at Smith's foundry Monday. While moulding, a quantity of molten iron accidentally struck him on the chest, on the left side, and ran down inside his clothes, settling around his left ankle. Before his fellow employees could get his boot off the red hot iron had laid there and hardened to the consistency of putty mixed ready for use. The injuries from the melted metal while in motion striking a person only irritates but does not burn severely unless the surface of the skin of the body be moist or wet, then it takes effect. The burn around the ankle was very severe, but the gentleman is slowly recovering.

#### SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN

As To Where the Family Silver was Deposited.

Prior to about the middle of January last Mrs. C. C. Gentry and her son, Chester K. Gentry, kept house on the corner of Eleventh and Massachusetts streets. At that time they had an auction, and after disposing of a portion of their household goods, Mrs. Gentry went on a visit to Tennessee, leaving the remainder of the outfit with "Chee," who was to store it. In addition to clothing and different pieces of furniture, there were several valuable articles of silver.

On the 7th of February Chee took a portion of the goods to Hamel's auction room, and a few days later he delivered them, a trunk, remarking: "This contains all our silverware, and I want you to take the best care of it." The goods were to be stored until called for, at a rental of two dollars per month.

Yesterday Mrs. Gentry arrived in Sedalia from her extended visit to Tennessee, and during the day called at Coe & Blair's, her goods having been transferred to that establishment when Hamel sold out. She had been given to understand that her silverware was in the trunk, and she supposed the same for the purpose of examining it. Imagine her surprise, however, on discovering that not a single piece was within the trunk; but, instead, clothing and other articles of no great value. She was no more astonished than were the proprietors of the auction room, and for a time it was all a mystery and many were the surmises indulged in.

Mrs. Gentry then commenced to make inquiries about the city, and last night a friend of her's informed her that all the valuables were in his keeping, having been placed in his possession by Chee, who had forgotten all about the circumstances and supposed it was with the remainder of the goods. She was no more delighted at recovering the goods than were Coe & Blair to know that they were not liable for them.

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## SALT RIVER.

### A Voyage Up That Noted Stream by a "Bazoos" Reporter.

#### A Full Description of the Vessels on its Surface, and Scenes About its Shores.

Last evening about seven o'clock, a Bazoos reporter, who had just laid away a couple of dishes of Sieber's coolest ice cream in his duodenum to warm and was strolling southward on Ohio street, met a careworn looking personage. Tall, with face tanned by Care's double-shovelled cultivator, round shouldered, as if bowed by having carried too many dignified and erudite titles, hame-legged, as if he had been made to stand alone when a very young child, from which improper practice his legs had been sprung and curved knee; with a regular Rip Van Winkle beard creeping down and prematurely wearing the cloth covers of his vest buttons; but still moving with the air and gait of one of authority. The reporter, though an unusually courageous, enterprising boy, prudently shied around the living, unlabeled "what is it," and his forty-cent straw hat was elevated by his rising hair so that the cupules of his unusually tall ears could no longer touch the crown of that hat; in fact, he was scared, but unable to escape, he braced up. Scanning the figure closely he recognized in it no other than the itinerant old man Time. The reporter extended his hand, wiggled with him and fired off at him the stereotyped used by all reporters, viz., "what's new?"

Time.—A great deal is new, in every line of life, business and pleasure. Reporter.—You evidently dissent from Solomon's opinion that "there's nothing new under the sun."

T.—I have always entertained a high respect for Solomon on divers accounts. Now the man who could live with 1,000 wives at once and never have a divorce or runaway, deserves respect, and his opinion that there was nothing new was good enough for his day, the world was neither inquisitive or in a hurry then; it didn't wear eighty yards of material in one dress, ride on the wind or talk by lightning, then.

It does, now. I am older and closer observer than Solomon, anyhow, and I tell you there are many new things under the sun, on top, and hanging down from and all around the sun.

R.—Now aged pilgrim, you are getting down to business. What's new within the corporate limits of this city, county and growing commonwealth that would make good stuff for the Bazoos?

T.—Well, my child, I have always been a firm friend of the Bazoos; there is no craze hung on the door knob of its future, and the eating thereof is freshly painted and wreathed in evergreen and laurel. But if you want news and will hire a skiff, I will go with you up the noted stream, Salt River, and show you some things.

R.—(Doffing his hat and paving up the sidewalk in doing obeisance to the old man.) Papp, you flatter me by supposing I have enough nickels or credit to hire a skiff. Can't you kind of telescope my vision so we can stand at the big end of the river and see up along its shores? Let's be economical.

T.—I will enlarge your vision, (and the reporter was at once standing by the side of Time on the deck of a small steamer, slowly plunging its way up a watercourse, bearing on its bosom skiffs, yachts, rowing boats, steamers, canoes, all according, some with banners streaming in the breeze and bands playing, others silent, motionless, idly floating or being pushed upward. All going up; no returning paid, no reversed power was seen; the smoke from no smoke stack streamed up the river, and the shores were lined with wrecks, of all shapes, sizes and colors, in the wildest confusion.)

R.—What are those thundering noises, sounding like distant chimes of mighty multitudes, that I hear away up the river?

T.—Those are some of our latest arrivals, and considered justly as among the finest trophies along the entire stream. They are called "booms," or third terms, and were sent up by the republicans party. Most of them are labeled "U. S. Grant." They are dying off now very fast.

R.—You are those dyspeptic looking men sitting yonder, on the bundles of paper, flourishing so intently?

T.—Journalists who attempted to run papers depending on the temperance element for support. These you see on the hill there, taking medicine and being rubbed down, are men who tried to publish papers to suit everybody. The hollow beyond the hill there is full of them.

R.—What's that many-colored pile of traps over there in the meadow?

T.—That's some of the lighter follies, fallacies and frailties. There's Keelley's motor, some velocipedes, 117 different kinds of women's bustles, several styles of those liab-coated called crinolines, and a fine assortment of pastoral calls from all religious denominations—among them some of Henry Ward Beecher's best, and they are mighty nice ones, too. If we had I'd go over and get you one. The fattest, most voluptuous ones we get here are all marked "H. W. B." and you bet your life they are good enough for anybody. They are the kind I use.

R.—What's that huge pile of papers and pamphlets on which the men sit with a plumed hat and at which the people are laughing?

T.—That's the man we call the "plumed knight." His baggage was marked "J. G. G." The documents are from the Blaine literary bureau, and are against Grant. They were shipped here soon after the Chicago convention.

R.—What's that crowd of girls with ruffled hair looking at, over there by the head brush?

T.—The Grecian head, the 14-13-15 puzzle, and a lot of such idiocies.

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